- Poems

- Brian Edwards

Where the idealism
fades out
like a candle
where moths
see the light
and then die
in the light
where artificial
truth
bends like
a prism
where crocodiles
make speeches
in the wind
where so many
memories
are fed
to the pyre
where ventriloquist
ascend
the corporate
ladder
where the idealism
fades out
where an hourglass
creates
a river of sound
that goes on
into a sea
of morning haze

***

- 7/31/2026

The car
is broken down
won't be going
very far
this weekend
and it's been
a long
hot summer
it's hot out there
tonight
I was just
out on
my balcony
smoking
a cigarette
I saw a bat
fly past
a streetlight
I thought
it would
turn back
and fly around
the streetlight
in circles
like I had seen
many times
before
yet this
particular bat
had seen
the light
and quickly
decided
to move on

***

- 7/31/2026

I've become
quite familiar
with that music
of the serpents
the songs
of the birds
has its charm
yet there's
something about
the music
of the serpents
that took
hold of me
and lured me into
a state of mind
that is
simply accepting
of all
the mystery

***

- 8/2/2026

Sometimes
at night
I am filled
with the fire
of the word
blazing
radiant
starlike visions
born of
the word
we speak words
we write words
and words
themselves
are full
of vast horizons
vast
vast
endlessly vast
horizons
some see this
quickly
for others
it takes awhile
yet they eventually
see it to

***

- 8/2/2026

Yesterday
was a scorcher
a real hot one
just twenty minutes
out there
outdoors
and I was
imploring
for sweet oblivion
total nothingness
if that was
the only way
to escape
the scorching heat
then so be it
yet it didn't
happen
and the
scorching heat did

***

- 8/3/2026

The sound
of the world
Monday morning
before
the work week
begins
it's not exactly
music I hear
no symphony
reaching
my ears
from the
higher atmosphere
it's more like
a deceptive calm
and I know
all to well
what it means

***

- 8/3/2026

I did not learn
to appreciate
them all
and time is like
a leaf that falls
and I am
being called
back into
the shadow
of a dream
a place that
I seem to know
very well
the time
has arrived
the time
to return
to the shadow
of a dream
such is
the infinite cycle
of nothing

***

- 8/3/2026

These few
quiet moments
before the grind
starts back up again
today
will be a day
when nothing changes
it is known
it is accepted
routines
are fashioned
with such perfection
in these times
I must go forth
and repeat
what I
went forth about
yesterday
so it is
merely as a feather
let loose in
industrialized wind

***

- 8/8/2026

A song lingers
in the aftermath
of singing
a singing voice
rises
into the atmosphere
and beyond
on a journey
to the other side
of the galaxy
on the other side
of the galaxy
they hear
the singing voices
of our world
they receive them
with reflection
and await
that day
that lies ahead
in the future
when we'll
meet again

***

- 8/8/2026

I'm hearing
the barking dogs
of war
I'm feeling
a wind
of mirth
I'm beholding
the appearance
of attrition
in the flowers
out here
in the field
where time
moves
not just forward
and the Sunlight
shines
through
a heavy mist
that rolls in
east of west
and west
of east

***

- 8/8/2026

Sometimes
you just have to
tie yourself
to the mast
and weather
the storm
sometimes
it's all
you can do
when the seas
of life
are very rough
sometimes
it's you can do
to keep
the idealism
from sinking
down to
the locker
the wind
and sea
may lash you
fierce
and indifferently
sometimes
you've just got to
go straight
through it
and hold on
long enough
to reach
those clear skies
once again

***

- 8/8/2026

Sky of Sun
sky of pie
like a blue
ocean of oxygen
I am like
a mariner
searching for
new and better
passage
why go
all the way
around
when we
can go this way
this way
that I discovered
in the sky
of the Sun
in the sea
of the light

***

- 8/8/2026

Know your
night well
and all
the stars
up there
that are
a part
of your soul
remember
that they are
waiting
for you
while you
slug it out
down here
through the strife

***

- 8/7/2026

Cauldrons
and ivy
an asp
in the hands
of a Queen
smoking cigarettes
on the bank
of the Nile
under the Sun
that star
that did
shine its light
down upon
the pyramids
and the pharaohs
a sudden shift
in fortune
and fate
what is seen
in the Cauldrons
ivy and an asp
and the eyes
of a lovely Queen
staring
into your soul

***

- 8/7/2026

The Sun rises
and speaks
with a voice
of light
wake up
and get going
you unfortunate ones
you must
get going
feeding
fueling
operating
building
maintaining
all of it
the vast system
you've all
created
don't look
to me always
for reprieve
if you're
so smart
figure it out
for yourselves

***

- 8/7/2026

It's that
time again
the wheel
of the grind
has turned
rolling over
my precious time
and time
is precious
once you
realize it
yet the grind
needs to be fed
the essence
of soul
someday
it'll all end
for me
I don't know
the particulars
will it be
the end
of everything else
for me
or just the end
of my time
being swept up
and spun
in circles
in the grind
my precious time
my time
offered
in sacrifice
to the grind

***

- 8/7/2026

Fill the night
with love
fill the night
with dove
love old love
through love
through
the lighter
brighter
saltpeter
and mitered love
tell us
what's up
with the love
tell us
what's up
with the dove
that is rising
to what lies above

***

- 8/7/2026

Don't remember
forget
don't destroy
beget
don't weep
sleep
don't think
drink
don't go
to the show
string the bow
don't wander
the street
expose
the deceit

***

- 8/6/2026

It's in
the air
whatever it is
it's in
the air
heavy like fog
yet not fog
it's in the air
like a withered
rose's memory
it's in the air
like the dust
of a thousand
fallen empires
like the ashes
of a thousand
burnt love letters
it's in the air
like the
whispered names
of all those
who stung us so

***

- 8/6/2026

An old
weathered statue
am I
in love's garden
of thorns
vines
and the most
lovely roses
ever seen
lost to
the danger
of love
was I
now in silence
I repose
where the rose
still enchants
the fool
and the next fool
and the
and the next
such a cruel cycle
without end

***

- 8/6/2026

The day
was a scorcher
this August night
is a scorcher to
broken
air conditioner
rent due
car troubles
a toothache
kept me awake
two nights
this week
the collapse
of any and all
good luck
for me it seems
I'm a magnet
for bad luck now
I had heard
about myself
yet indifference
of thought
made me
indifferent
of action
as many black cats
are prowling
around
under the stars
this hot
August night

***

- 8/6/2026

A thing
is finished
now lost
to the dust
and eternal winds
such a destiny
was inevitable
we could
only outrun it
for so long
we could only
ride on
the remaining
momentum
for so long
destiny always
arrives eventually
sometimes
riding a pale horse
with storm clouds
following
close behind

***

- 8/6/2026

Our flowerpots
and our love
of flowers
will not save us
from the dark
apparitions
of our own
arrogance
the reckoning
must be paid
the toll collected
the sound
of the ocean
is very pleasing
down at
our beach house
yet it is
not enough
to escape into
not quite
as the tide
moves in
then goes
back out again

***

- 8/6/2026

There is
a great erosion
occurring
across the land
the bottoms
of tall
marble pillars
are exposed
to the Sun again
for the first time
in quite
a long while
the soil
has been washed away
by the rains
of corruption
and vanity
the remaining soil
gives rise
to new weeds
they quickly spread
from horizon
to horizon
and beyond
they grow quickly
and cover all
that remains
they have inherited
the kingdom
that we
have squandered
they are crowned
and anointed
by our weak gestures
of futility
and remorse

***

- 8/6/2026

Could it be
that our fate
is already sealed
or is there
still a chance
to reach up
and touch
the fires
of the Sun
could it be
we've condemned
ourselves
or may we yet
double back
run the gauntlet
once more
and get it right
the next time
around
the world
is full of stories
about idealism
yet are
any of them true
is there still
a chance
to stare down
the hounds
of Hell
to walk
right past them
and enter
the tavern
of bullshitters

***

- 8/9/2026

Sometimes
the world
deceives me
with all of
its false serenity
like eggshells
waiting
to be broken
like doves
waiting to see
the glare
of the bayonet
in the morning Sun
here a tempest
may appear
on a whim
out of the blue
the clear skies
full of
false serenity
deceiving me
into heading down
to the beach
for the afternoon

***

- 8/9/2026

The corporation
wants you
to know
it's nothing personal
it's purely business
as the snakes
slither about
with their
diamond-like eyes
bats rising
from the cauldrons
the disguise
has been there
all along
move along now
a sister
of many shadows
I am too feeble
to endure
the thorns
anymore
I had a great
vision
it became
a reality
for a short time
that's all
you can hope for
I suppose
in a world
of ever
growing vines

***

- 8/9/2026

Sometimes
I suspect
we're just
an ancient
forgotten
ant farm
out in
the boonies
of the galaxy
with no one
but ourselves
lost
alone
adrift
with little
explanation
of anything
we tend
to make shit up
as we drift along
and the bullshit
explanations
we concoct
are rather
mind boggling
and every
now and again
a galactic traveler
comes along
and stumbles upon
one of their old
forgotten
ant farms
out here
in the boonies
they float around
in our skies
for a short time
then they speed away
having seen enough

***

- 8/9/2026

The long days
the weary
tired days
I'm more tired
these days than
I ever remember being
whats changed
is it just
the nature
of things
is it the hourglass
that's always
been there
simply being
revealed to me
for the first time
how tiring
it all seems
to me now
the rat race
the one I've been
a part of
for many years
it never
got to me before
like this
yet fate
deals its hand
to us all
eventually
and we must
accept it
knowing that
someday
the weary
shall be able
to rest upon
the floating clouds
that pass on by
towards eternity

***

- 8/9/2026

I awoke
suddenly
and mysteriously
just before
Sunrise
I went out
on my balcony
with my coffee
and smoke
the sky
was clear
the eastern sky
was really
starting
to glow now
someone
had done me
a favor

***

- 8/9/2026

Some damn strange
occurrences
in some
damn strange times
turning the wine
into rum
walking
on tequila
sick and tired
of the feudal
shadow
and I know
sadly I know
the time
of enlightenment
is over

***

- 8/8/2026

She's a memory
that burned
she's a memory
that scolded
scorched
my heart
real good
she set it alight
she stabbed it
with a dagger
those eyes
of night
she's got
those eyes
of night
she possesses
that desert flower
of deadly beauty
she cast me out
into an endless
desert
there I wander still
I wander still
to this day
her memory burning
deep within me

***

- 8/8/2026

Waiting for
the winter cold
that's the time
I feel at home
enough of
this summer
heatwave
scorching
my mind
give me frost
and shadows
of winter
give me
the perfection
of new fallen snow
now I know
I like
the winter best
give me
a frozen lake
that I may paint
such a scene

***

- 8/8/2026

So it was
we danced
without dancing
for why not
dance
here at the end
the end
of something
of great importance
of great
significance
on the last night
under
the last stars
to be seen
why not dance
through
the last hours
until the last
moments

***

- 8/5/2026

Sometimes
the words
fail me
or in truth
I fail the words
the words
can be tricky
to handle
to work with
yo conjure
from the place
where magic
is real
and the words
are magic
and the words
are real
sometimes
it's a difficult
thing
to pull off
sometimes
I don't make
the connection
sometimes
my mind
is too focused
on something worldly
and yet the words
are always
beyond all that

***

- 8/5/2026

I seek a river
that flows
towards
a sanctuary
insomnia again
second night
in a row
momentary despairs
popping up
like weeds
in a garden
after the rains
I seek a river
that flows
towards
at least a little
tranquility
yet seek and you
may not find
in this age
of the jackal
and the orchid

***

- 8/5/2026

Watching
the crumbling
happen
right before
my eyes
that old essence
is now lost
to corrupted wind
it's an old story
that never
seems to change
no matter
how many times
we are told
now things
are different
they are not
different
corrupted wind
is corrupted wind
snake oil
is snake oil
the magic elixir
is the greatest
miracle of all
aren't you ready
to believe again

***

- 8/5/2026

What is sleep
there is
no sleep
tonight
as insomnia
has risen
from the fathoms
it has gripped me
and gripped
the world
as we
journey about
in a world
where there is
no sleep
tonight
what is sleep
and what is
the world
but a place
without sleep

***

- 8/5/2026

Dream but little
in this oasis
of the
Summer bread crumbs
we must be
what we must be
what we must be
what we will to be
into destiny
not knowing
the outcome
in advance
and so
I bid you farewell
as you
advance out there
towards
the open mouth
of an alligator
don't try
and remember
if you can
you won't find
the memories there
you won't find them
until after
the battle
such is
this ancient story

***

- 8/6/2026

What she broke
I could not know
at the time
years went by
and the fracturing
steadily
grew worse
and I wondered why
the memory
could often be
like a flowery
patch
full of
so many thorns
what she broke
is now
all but ashes
and the laments
over lost
and haunting
chances

***

- 8/4/2026